



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT TRUTH BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY JAYNES, SHELOR, SMITH & STECK.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, JAN. 14, 1908.

NEW SERIES, NO. 250—VOLUME LIII—NO. 2.

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Scientific American, A Weekly Illustrated Weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal.

Two Ways to Do Everything. There is a proud mother in West End, who is telling this one to show the brightness of her little daughter.

The little girl often runs errands to the grocery store, but she has been laughed at so often for mispronouncing names of things that now she will only buy things that she can call correctly.

A VOICE FROM OLD PICKENS. Three Prominent Families—The Steeles, McElroys and Craigs.

Old Pickens, S. C., January 10th, 1908.—Editors Courier: William D. Steele was one of the most prominent and influential citizens of Old Pickens in the early days.

With good meal and a cook following the lessons and traditions of the old regime delicious bread may be baked of Indian meal.

It is a great affliction for a woman to have her face disfigured by pimples or any form of eruptive disease.

Craig had a dollar for every bushel of corn and pound of meat he had given to the poor they would be rich in this world's goods.

As this article will probably conclude my reminiscences of Old Pickens, it may not be amiss to state that during the last year of the war Old Pickens Court House was the rendezvous or camping place of the "Home Guards", an organization of aged men, who were too old or too feeble to go to the front.

A happy and prosperous new year for The Courier and all connected with it.

CAPUDINE Cures COLDS, LA GRIPPE and all HEADACHES, etc. Sold at all Drug Stores.

Columbia, S. C., January 9.—Capt. Griffith, Superintendent of the Penitentiary, has completed and filed his report, making a most excellent showing financially.

A VISIT TO LONDON. By Arthur P. McElroy.

Trough, S. C., January 5.—Editors Keowee Courier: Thinking that perhaps some of your readers might be interested in an article on London, I have decided to give a brief account of my recent visit there.

We sailed from Norfolk, Va., November 5, and after a rather long and rough passage we arrived safely on our journey's end.

London is not only the Capital of Great Britain, but is also the largest and wealthiest city in the world, with very near six million inhabitants, and covering an area of 80,000 acres, or 122 square miles.

Among the many places of interest we visited may be noticed as the most important the following: St. Paul's Cathedral, "The pride of all Londoners."

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Billy Saunders is a natural born wit. He is in his eightieth year, living here in New York, and is still working at his trade, painting.

George W. Williams Dead.

Charleston, January 6.—Geo. W. Williams, secretary and president of the Carolina Savings Bank and widely known as one of the wealthiest men in South Carolina, died of heart failure at his Meeting street residence, at 3 o'clock this morning.

Cured At 70 of Heart Disease Contracted During Civil War—Veteran Grateful.

Heart disease is curable, but in people of advanced age it does not readily lend itself to ordinary treatment.

Two Views of Death.

Roscoe Conkling, in his eulogy of Oliver P. Morton shortly after that statesman's death, said: "Death is nature's supreme abhorrence. The dark valley, with its weird and solemn shadows, illumined by the rays of Christianity, is still the ground which man shudders to approach."

Yet Conkling went bravely, for all that, when the time came to go. Beecher expressed a different idea of death. He said: "When we comprehend the fullness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and foreboding, dying is triumph. Nowhere is there so fair a sight, so sweet a prospect, as when a young soul is passing away out of life and time through the gate of death—the easy, the royal, the golden, the pearly gate of death. Death is as sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those who are left behind, but not for those who have gone before. As I grow older and come nearer to death I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I here God say: "Oh, trusting, hungering one, come to me. What the other life will bring I know not, only that I will awake in God's likeness and see Him as He is. Speed on, then, oh heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold Thee, O God, I shall be satisfied."

Here are two flashlight views of two thinkers concerning the mystery and tragedy of life and death. Beecher's is the more cheerful view, and his was unquestionably the greatest intellect. How much has the world to do with views of the whence and whither, the hereafter, the unknowable? What is it that causes one intellect to approach the grave with serene confidence and contentment and another to drift into the mystic shadows with questioning spirit to which comes no reply? Does any man die without a lingering faith, a hope of the hereafter?—Nashville American.

The Balking Horse.

For the benefit of those who have been caused a great deal of anxiety by a balky horse, lost trains as well as tempers and sometimes even ruined the horse, the next time they have the experience to run across a balky horse, no matter how bad he is, let me tell you how to start him ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

Of course, it may fall one time in a hundred. When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him. Don't throw sand in his ears, don't use a rope on his fore legs or even burn straw under him. Quietly go and pat him on the head a moment. Take a hammer or even pick up a stone in the street, hold the driver to sit still, take his lines, hold them quietly while you lift up either front foot, give each nail a light tap and a good smart tap on the frog, drop the foot quickly and then chirp to him to go. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will go right on about his business, but the driver must keep his lines taut and not pull, or jerk him back.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Every time a woman picks up a towel it makes her husband shiver for fear she is going to tie it around her head and go to house cleaning.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name—Swamp-Root—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address—Binghamton, N. Y.—on every bottle.